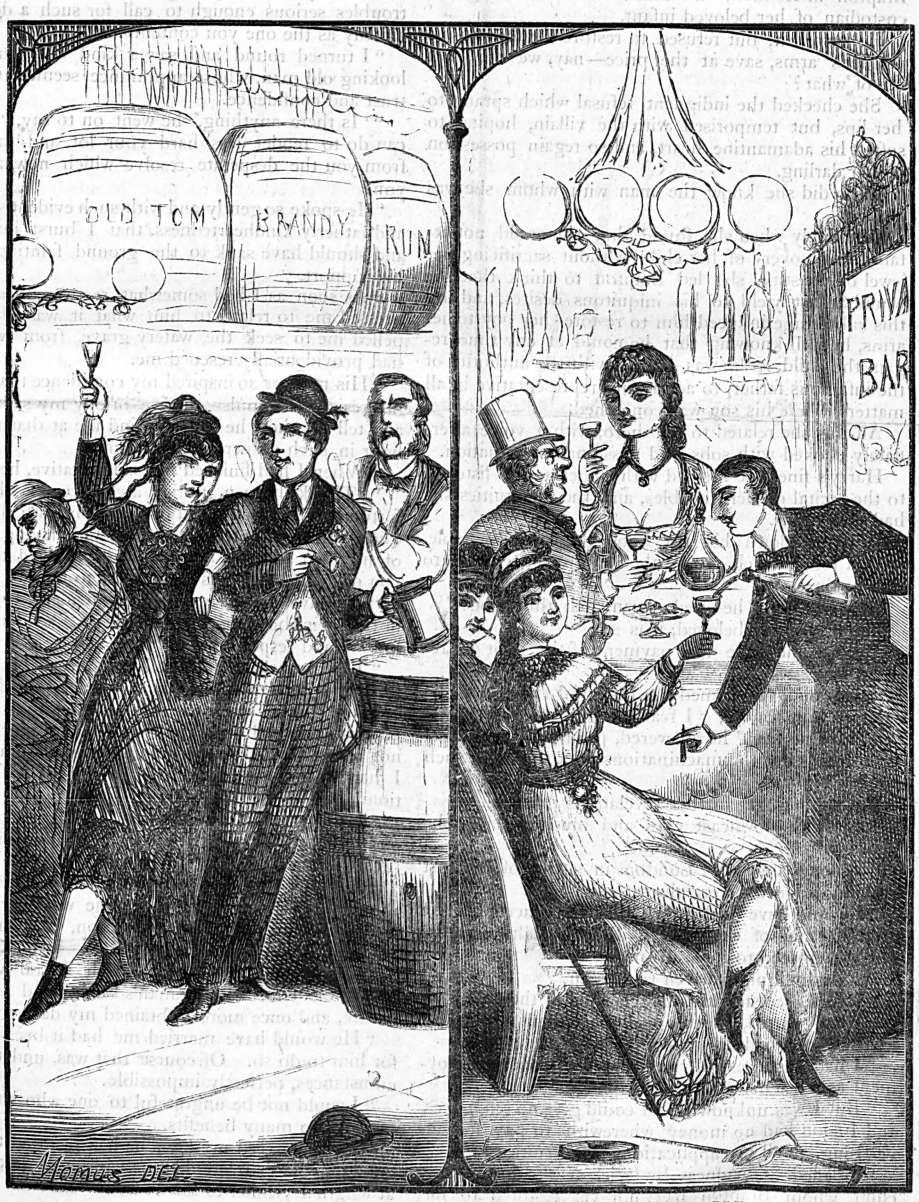
LONDON LIFE.

No. 5. LONDON, JUNE 21st, 1879. ONE PENNY.



EAST-END. DRINK. WEST-END.

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter;
Sermons and soda-water the day after.—BYRON. (Not H.J.)

THE FASCINATING FOREIGNER OF ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

Chapter V.

Thus for a time Orsini escaped his well merited punishment, but although at first unsuccessful Brapton was shrewd enough to observe the enormous advantage, which the possession of Bianca's child would give him, and so took little Arturo to England, at the base father's express wish, who found the child in his way.

We will not recount the fearful privations which the noble-hearted Bianca underwent before she discovered Brapton in London, and taxed him with being the custodian of her beloved infant.

He owned it, but refused to restore the boy to his mother's arms, save at the price—nay, we need not say of what?

She checked the indignant refusal which sprang to her lips, but temporised with the villain, hoping to soften his adamantine heart, and so regain possession of her darling.

Little did she know the man with whom she was dealing.

Ultimately when she found that she could not attain the recovery of her child without sacrificing her jewel of chastity, she led Brapton to think that she would at last yield to his iniquitous desires, and by this subterfuge induced him to restore her boy to her arms, he well knowing that he could at any time regain the child, as he was armed with the authority of the infamous father, to act as his representative in all matters where his son was concerned.

All this she related to our hero, with a voice alternately choked with sobs and passionate indignation.

Harry's fine face flushed with anger as he listened to the recital of her troubles, and the indignities she had undergone.

Bringing down his fist upon the massive table, with a force which caused the champagne glasses to ring again:

"By heaven!" he cried, "can such things be?"

"Alas, yes, my beloved, it is so."

Then to me leave the payment of the debt of retribution."

"Caro mio," exclaimed the beautiful Italian, as she caressed him fondly, "I fear for your safety."

"Have no fear," he answered, proudly, "an honest man dreads not the machinations of a thousand such villians as these."

But she had yet further revelations to make.

And, with downcast eyes and blushing face, she went on.

"When I arrived in London in search of my lost boy, my resources were almost exhausted.

"I would have died rather than have accepted the proferred aid of the wretch, Brapton, although he often attempted to force it on me.

"I was well nigh driven to despair.

"I could see starvation staring me in the face.

"I had parted, one by one, with such articles of jewellery as I had brought away with me.

"I had unsuccessfully attempted to obtain employment as a teacher of my native language.

"But I was unknown, and could give no references, and I soon had no money wherewith to pay for advertising, so all my applications were fruitless.

"Goaded to madness by grief at the loss of my child, whom Brapton had not yet restored to me, hunger and destitution both imminent, I made up my mind to put an end to my miserable existence.

"For this wicked purpose, I wandered down at night to the banks of the Thames, determined to let my griefs and troubles, together with my life, be put an end to for ever, by plunging into its dark and turbid stream.

"I had, however, been watched and followed by one who, from my agitated and excited manner, suspected that I meditated self-destruction.

"I had managed to obtain access to one of the steamboat piers, and had muttered a prayer for the welfare of my darling boy, and for forgiveness for the crime I was about to commit, when a hand was placed on my arm, and a kind voice gently said:

"'Surely one so young and so fair can have no troubles serious enough to call for such a desperate remedy as the one you contemplate.'

"I turned round and saw a kind and benevolent looking old man, whose appearance seemed to invite trust and confidence.

"'Is there anything,' he went on to say, 'which I can do to render less hard your lot, and take away from you the desperate resolve which now animates you.'

"He spoke so gently and with such evident sincerity, and fatherly kindheartedness, that I burst into tears, and should have sank to the ground fainting but for his support.

"As soon as I had somewhat recovered he gently pressed me to relate to him what it was which impelled me to seek the watery grave, from which he had providentially rescued me.

"His manner so inspired my confidence that I could not resist the impulse to give briefly my sad history, and tell him how he came to find me at that untimely hour in such desperate condition.

"When I had finished my sad narrative, he replied:

"'Thank heaven, things are no worse than this, fortunately I am supplied bounteously with the means wherewith to supply your wants, and having no child of my own to provide for, I shall be glad to find in you one who will be as a daughter to me."

"He gave me his arm, led me tenderly to an hotel in the neighbourhood, where he was evidently well-known and respected.

"The porter who admitted us, addressed him as my lord, and deferentially took his orders for my every comfort to be attended to. He then took his leave, promising to call upon me the following morning, but not before he had received an assurance from me that I had abandoned my wicked design of self-destruction.

"He was punctual next day to his appointment, and then proceeded to relate in detail his plans for my future welfare.

"He took and furnished this house for me, he surrounded me with every luxury, he willingly assisted me in my dealings with Brapton, and his social position, for he is the Earl of H———m, awed that heartless wretch, whilst his lavish liberality had an irresistible effect on the man's sordid and avaricious nature, and once more I obtained my darling child.

"He would have married me had it been possible for him to do so. Of course that was, under the circumstances, perfectly impossible.

"I could not be ungrateful to one who had loaded me with so many benefits.

"He had saved my life; he had restored to me my child; he had surrounded me with every luxury, and at length I yielded to his wishes.

"And now you know all this, you will doubtless repent of your newly-formed attachment to one whom you must consider so utterly worthless."

Harry, however, assured her over and over again to the contrary, and having made an appointment to meet her again that same evening, he left her and proceeded to find his friend the "Marquis," and relate to him his exciting adventure of the previous evening.

The "Marquis" gladly consented to bring Stella that same evening to the Argyle, to be introduced to Harry's new and charming friend.

Punctual to the moment did Harry make his appearance at Bianca's villa, and there he found, waiting at the garden gate, a natty little brougham, which he rightly surmised was intended to convey himself and fair partner to the scene of their evening's amusement.

Those were the palmy days of the Argyle.

B-b B-gn-ll had spared no expense in rendering his establishment the most perfect of its kind in the kingdom.

The utmost decorum prevailed during the whole evening.

The band included many of the most talented performers in the kingdom which money could procure.

The most luxurious appliances which could be designed, to add to the comfort of the frequenters of the place, were everywhere abundant.

The whole was brilliantly lighted, and the magnificent dresses and fair faces of the female *habitués* of this hall of dazzling light, presented as magnificent a *tout ensemble* as the eye could wish to rest upon.

Harry found his friend, the Marquis, and Stella already waiting for him, and having introduced them to Bianca, was speedily with her lost in the giddy maze, which whirled and glided over the highly-polished oaken floor.

Perhaps nowhere did our hero appear to greater advantage than in the ball room.

And to-night he shone to greater advantage than usual, for he had the advantage of a partner who was as great an adept in the saltatory art as he himself.

Harry surpassed himself, and his manly beauty and perfect mastery of the deux temps, combined with the exquisite beauty and grace of his fair companion, made them the observed of all observers.

Our hero was in the seventh heaven of delight, and he did not leave until the sound of the last galop had died away, when, as he descended the stairs with Bianca, a hand was laid somewhat roughly on his shoulder, and on turning round to see who it was who so unceremoniously accosted him, he found himself once more face to face with "Brapton."

TO BE CONTINUED.

GAY WIVES.

It is truly lamentable to see how, of late years, this peculiar class of women have increased, not only to the misery of their own husbands, but also to the general discomfort of all their relatives.

To some women, a restless disposition and a constant craving for excitement is almost a second nature, and *coute qui coute* they will, either directly or indirectly, pander to their love of pleasure and constant gaiety, totally regardless of the inconvenience the gratification of their tastes may cause those who ought to have, both legally and morally, the first claim upon them.

How often do we find a hard-working and unselfish man ruined in health and pocket by having the misfortune to be married to an utterly selfish, pleasure-seeking, and extravagant woman.

On returning from a hard day's work in the city, instead of passing a quiet evening at his snug fireside, as he hoped, his wife informs him, perhaps, that she has made arrangements to go to a concert, ball, or theatre, as the case may be, so he is at once on the horns of a dilemma, as he must either accompany his wife himself, or she will get some one else to escort her, neither of which alternatives are agreeable.

Gay wives are always selfish and extravagant, but a good wife (the greatest blessing a man can have) will at all times yield her own wishes to those of her better-half.

Lying and deception in its varied forms are among the means which the gay wife of modern society uses to attain her ends.

Parents should think well before they permit their girls to become slaves of pleasure, as the life led by half the young marriageable daughters is, perhaps, the very best method to unfit them totally for good wives, nay, further, to make bad ones.

As the daughter, so the wife, but on a larger scale, so far as regards ideas of selfish and extravagant gratification.

No sooner has the first novelty of marriage passed away than she becomes wearied with the superintendence of household duties, which she finds totally uncongenial and monotonous.

Discontented and disgusted at her position, she determines, by fair means or foul, still to follow the mode of life she delights in, and if her husband will not agree to her wishes, she soon finds a "friend" who will do his best to amuse her.

How many wealthy "dear friends" some beautiful women have, and how mysteriously tickets for theatres and invitations for balls arrive when least expected.

It is only a matter of time before such women come to grief, although, of course, the more clever they are the longer the game lasts, and the later the Divorce Court is arrived at.

Divorcées are nothing more than ex-gay wives, whose love of excitement has socially blasted their lives, and, as a rule, they continue to pursue the same course until poverty or consumption finally arrests their mad career of gaiety.

Such women form the greater majority of ladies in society, but as long as they are not found out in any *fauxpas* so long do they continue the fashion.

These women affect to look with scorn upon any poor girl, whose exemplary married life ought to atone for her past, in which she was possibly more sinned against than sinning. Gay wives generally imbibe pretty freely of all kinds of wines, and especially champagne, as the depression consequent upon their gaiety is so great that they would be unfit for anything were it not for taking stimulants, which becomes a confirmed habit, and results oftimes in the most disastrous consequences, morally and physically, as many instances of dypsomania prove.

Dancing is another of her great pleasures, and combined with the abuse of stimulants hastens in accomplishing the ruin of all a good woman should prize the most. One of the greatest misfortunes that can happen to a man is to be cursed with a "Gay Wife."

MAN ABOUT TOWN.

We are compelled by pressure on our space to defer the concluding portion of "Swell Women" until next week.

NOTICE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—*"London Life" will be forwarded by post for six months on receipt of stamps or P.O.O. for 3s 3d. Post office orders to be made payable to* HENRY PEARCE, *at the Ludgate Circus Office.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is requested that all communications on literary matters may be addressed to the Editor, and those on business to the Publisher, 15, Harp Alley, Farringdon Street, E.C.*

W.L.—*Your communication is too personal.*

R.F.—*Declined with thanks.*

T.L.G.—*You must be an idiot to ask such a question. Ask your mother.*

W.F.H.—*Thanks. We shall refer to the matters alluded to in your communication. We shall always be ready to expose cant and hypocrisy, and we do not confine our operations to London.*

LONDON LIFE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21ST, 1879.

THE JESTER went to Ascot, and didn't he enjoy himself, that's all. He never does things by halves, and so he went every day. Do you think he cares for mud or rain? Not a bit of it. He would have gone double the distance in worse weather, to see Albert Edward and his charming Princess braving the elements, and driving up the course in state on Thursday last. One thing only was wanting to complete his happiness! He would have dearly liked to have seen Mamma with them.

* * *

Our success has astonished most people, especially those that are jealous of us. By those that are friendly disposed I am asked to account for the good fortune that has befallen us.

* * *

So far as I can judge or ascertain from our publisher, the success is owing, in the first place, to "Our Boys" of the Street Brigade, and "The Girls" of London, who, ever ready to earn a honest penny, have nobly responded to the call to sell our paper, and have given new life to the British public, that is to say "LONDON LIFE." We have also a debt of gratitude to pay to a kind British public for spending their pennies in the purchase of our journal.

* * *

Very playful, too, are these young lads and lasses, and their playfulness is of rough—yes of the very roughest kind, and their gambolling is of the breakdown order, as the broken doors, benches, and sashes at the office of "London Life" testify, which the publisher tells me were broken in the struggle to obtain copies of No. 4.

But I am reminded that the space allotted to me is limited, and that my mission as Jester is to "shoot folly as it flies," and although out of sorts and in bad spirits, which is "rum," I will, as the showman says, pull aside the curtain, and show you "gin-you-wine" "London Life!" Pray don't faint.

* * *

I hear that several Brother Buffs were fined the other night for reading "London Life" in lodge without permission. I believe it was at the Gibraltar, St. George's Road, Southwark.

* * *

At all events, that is better than raking up and perpetrating such dirty jokes as I heard a short time ago, at the Ben Jonson Lodge.

* * *

Chancellor Bacon went the whole hog the other day, when he fined Messrs. Dicks and Reynolds five shillings for every copy of Millais' Huguenot which they had printed or sold. But, bless you, most worthy Chancellor, they and Neddy Frett know all the fables byheart, especially the "Dog in the Manger."

* * *

A certain Irish young lady may be seen nearly every night at Westminster Bridge, waiting for the tram cars, and she invariably rides in one to Peckham, if the conductor is a nice young fellow. She is very well known on the road.

* * *

Fordham had £1000 to nothing on his mount for the big race at Epsom.

* * *

Act on the square, and you will be able to take the girls to all the races, and thus a Ford 'em a treat.

* * *

A certain publisher, who is not supposed to have D.T., is annoyed at some remarks made in what he terms our penny rag, I would remind him that if it were not for such penny rags he would not be able to walk Fleet Street dressed out so gorgeously.

* * *

Fine feathers make fine birds they say, but let me add not true men, and outside show goes for nothing with a true gentleman, and clothes were thought nothing of before the days of *Oliver Cromwell.*

* * *

Moral, don't take advantage or treat unfairly those you consider beneath you, lest a turn of Fortune's Wheel, should reverse the position and leave you out in the cold and without even a Ruined Home.

* * *

I must take this opportunity of apologise to "Fred Hughes" for offence which I have unintentionally given him, through a printer's error, which was not discovered until too late. His name was unfortunately inserted in the paragraph he objects to, whereas it ought to have been Fred "*Harper.*" I hope that this explanation will be considered satisfactory.

* * *

The School Board have been having it pretty hot lately. What with the "Shaftesbury" Training Ship scandal, what with their four hundred guinea carpet, their costly Indian rugs, and the other little articles of "*vertu* and *bijouterie*" on which they have been charged with spending other people's money, I fear

that the only virtue they will get credit for is that of looking particularly carefully after their own comforts, and that as for the bigotry they will not escape the imputation of having a most bigoted disregard of the duties they were elected to perform. We shall see what the ratepayers will have to say at the next election.

* * *

There are more pretty girls to be seen at Brighton than at any other town in England, but there is no place where a good chaperone is so useful, as birds of prey are ever "on the hover." It is not long since that a young lady was ruined at Brighton, owing to not having been attended at a public ball by a proper chaperone. The gay deceiver was of course an "officer and a gentleman."

* * *

I regret to hear that the Rt. Hon. R. H. Lowe, sometime Chancellor of the Exchequer, was "pilled" at the Athenæum Club by a large majority. A more courteous or accomplished gentleman in private life one rarely meets. Surely politics should not have so strong an influence in a non-political club.

* * *

The *D. T.* seems to follow the policy of the "Vicar of Bray," for when Mr. Gladstone was at the head of the government nothing could be more servile than its adulation of him, but now, alas, it has changed its views and politics to those of the Israelitish Premier. Perhaps a strong feeling of kindred has made them appreciate, "the lineal descendant of the penitent thief," as Dan O'Connell, once called Disraeli.

* * *

So at last the Judge and Jury is closed, after a run of some eighteen years. Such startling revelations rewarded the enquiries of the police, that they were obliged to open their eyes after so many years of blindness. The place itself was a standing disgrace to London.

* * *

There are policemen and policemen. As I was passing over Blackfriars Bridge, not long ago, early in the morning, I happened to run foul of a gentleman, whom I thought had not recovered from the effects of the salmon he had consumed at his previous day's dinner. Had he been west of Temple Bar, it would have fared badly with him. Fortunately for him, however, he fell into the hands of two of the City Police, who, instead of accommodating him with a stretcher there and then, kindly placed him in one of the recesses of the bridge, undid his necktie and sprinkled a little water over his face. He shortly recovered. The man was not drunk at all, but I fear he would have had a bad time of it at the West end.

* * *

The cowardly, bullying, bankrupt, drunken, adulterous representative of the "British Aristocracy" has been at his old games again, and leaves us in doubt which to admire most, "Our Old Nobility," or the immaculate purity and incorruptibility of the Metropolitan Police.

* * *

But, there, none of the readers of "London Life" get into disreputable scrapes, but all of them conduct themselves with the same propriety as does

JESTER.

FIREWORKS.

I find out the flashes of lightning nightly seen darting about the South London Palace are only sparks from the Baron's diamonds. I hear he has lately bought Cape Town, and intends settling down with the Zulus. By the bye, when is the presentation coming off, and is it true he is engaged to light up the Palatinate?

* * *

I looked in the other evening at the Winchester, and very pleased I was with what I saw and heard. At the entrance I was met by a very civil checktaker, and civil checktakers are not so numerous as they might be. Of course I imbibed some "Winchester."

* * *

Many's the time I have listened to the old favourite W. T. Critchfield, and was much pleased with him as ever. In lieu of a song he gave us a recitation, which I should have been glad for many a noble swell or guardian of the poor to have heard. It was "Christmas Day in the Workhouse;" and was rendered with intense pathos and genuine feeling.

* * *

Charley Fox and Laura Sedgwick were amusing, as they always are, in their black and white entertainment, and the band, under the direction of Vincent Davis, did efficient service, as it is sure to do whilst it includes such names as "Wellington," "Johngmans," &c.

* * *

By the way, when is "Witty Watty Walton" going to take possession? I met "Johnny Dovey" the other day, who was chaffing me about it. I hope this remark will not be considered un-Fair.

* * *

By the way, "Dukey" don't blow the horn so fiercely across the table the next time I come.

* * *

There is one thing I hope will not occur very soon, and that is the removal of Roxby from the position of chairman, for I'm sure the array of beauties within his short-sighted optics would pull a very sorrowful face. Ah! Wilfred, I'm afraid you never will get better, but we all have our fancies, even I thought how much that pretty little baby carried by the little darkie, very much resembled a some one at the *Wm.*

* * *

Buffaloism wants amalgamation. It is the biggest of all tomfooleries that an order that stands only second to Freemasonry is injured by four or five egotists, who are at the head of a so called "banner." I was at a Grand Executive Lodge at the "Flower of the Forest," on Sunday night. A member of the Surrey "Banner" was proposed as a financial member, which meant money being received by the lodge. The member was refused, and yet if the same man had applied for relief the lodge would have paid out of their funds to assist him. This is one of the follies of the Order, and I trust that if the "Buffalo" papers have not influence enough to put a stop to these stupidities that "London Life" will soon be able to bring about that simple remedy for all Buffalo diseases, amalgamation. The next thing after that is done, should be to get a building, and there are plenty belonging to the order to undertake the job to build them a hall of their own, and use it for meetings, and also as an agency for professional brothers. I would also propose that the foundation stone should be laid by yours fraternally

SQUIB.

DRINK.

"And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink;
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;
Why, then, let a soldier drink."

"O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!"—SHAKSPERE.

The bacchanalian ditty which heads this article was written by England's immortal bard for the utterance of the villain Iago, the moral reflection following fo the gentle Cassio when reasoning in dismay over the consequence of his acts through drinking to excess, and both quotations are eminently true to nature.

The human fiend is lighthearted and jubilant at the probable consequences of fastening "but one more cup upon him," whilst the true man is sunk in abject shame at the remembrance of his brawling folly; to the first drink was merely a subtle agency, to the second a deadly enemy.

From the time when Noah first got drunk until now, a thousand homilies have been written, deploring the baneful effects of drink. Sermons have been preached, lectures delivered, caricatures drawn, and plays performed, exposing its pernicious effects in all their various phases, and yet the fact remains that drink still holds its own even to the present day.

What is then the just conclusion to be drawn? Is it not that exaggeration in this matter as in all other produces a contrary effect, and that the pourtraiture of isolated cases as general results causes the reasonable mind to revolt against illogical conclusions.

Drink may be a dangerous commodity, so is poison, yet poison, compounded and administered by skilful hands, possesses health giving properties; so drink, moderately employed, stimulates enjoyment.

Pleasure of any kind pursued to inordinate lengths degenerates to vice, and if that of immoderate drinking is most degrading, and most deadly, it is highly to be desired that custom, by its powerful unwritten laws, would wisely ordain that restriction in indulgence is the commendable rule recognised by every circle of society. The power of opinion is not lightly to be weighed. It influences every section of the polity through all the multifarious forms of human existence, and when it is founded, not upon the bases of hypocrisy, affectation, or sentiment, but upon the joint bearings of good nature and common sense, more good accrues to the whole community than is ever derived from sensational endeavours springing from vanity, and pursued through interest. Moderation in all things is the secret of happiness, and upon this principle, and this alone—humanly speaking—is felicity maintained.

But our object now is not to trespasss upon the reader's patience by entering into a philsophical disquisition concerning the uses and abuses of drink, which are ever useless as they become tedious, but to endeavour to draw a few sketches of London Life, wherein drink is the predominating element, and in pursuance of our task, we beg to claim the reader's indulgence, not in liquor, but in our venturesome enterprise, for anomalous as it may appear, drink is a dry subject, and singular to relate, the more so are those subject to drink.

In our journey of observation let us in the first place enter one of the city "pubs," and take "stock" of what we see, and like wanton gossips retail what we hear. It is a house of call for ——, and the time is one p.m. It is dinner hour, and crowds pour in, to enter once again upon the arduous undertaking of eating and drinking. How eagerly they rush up to the bar to be served, and how nervously they watch the seats ranged round the two dingy tables in fearful apprehension that the last may be monopolized before there is a chance. No casting sheep's eyes from sheep's heads now; no bandying of stale jokes, no sprinkling of light chaff, no dalliance across the counter; it is business now my boys—business—and they go in for it with a spirit becoming the importance of the occasion.

"A pint o' porter," yells one,—"half, half-and-half," shouts another,—"pot o' Yarmouth," vociferates a third,—"two pints cooper," entreats a fourth, bobbing his fat head into the barmaid's sly eye, as he leans over the counter in dreadful agitation,—"it's my turn, miss," whines a fifth, rattling four farthings on on the counter, to allure attention by the magic jingle of money, "half humble." "Come, wake up," commands a sixth, "pull yourselves together; time's, time—a pot. there yer are;" and stirred to rapid action by the continuous flow of orders, the barman and barmaid, the master and missus (all hands are piped on deck at this hour) rush hither and thither, and spring backwards and forwards, as if charged with electricity. By-and-bye the storm lulls, and simmers down to "a knife, please! salt here! mustard, mum! or a screw!" and so on until (none having succeeded in choking themselves in the mean time) the approach of two o'clock warns the drowsy throng that they must wake up and clear out, and, one by one, they reluctantly rise from their seats, glance spitefully up at the clock, and like free-born Englishmen, as they are trudge off with a grunt and a growl to resume the labours of the day. This is a life-like picture of the fair use of drink.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ANOTHER GOOD GIRL GONE WRONG.

Adelaide was the daughter of a doctor in a very fair practice in the ancient town of ——. Her mother had died during her birth, and she was therefore left to the care of her father and brother.

Her father was a fine, well-informed and good-hearted man, but very stern, and never forgave or looked over a fault.

His son and heir, Alfred, was a handsome, pleasant, and merry young fellow.

Whilst Adelaide, the subject of this sad story, was a bright, blue-eyed, and golden-haired girl of eighteen, who was considered, by not a few, to be the belle of ——, no less on account of her beauty than on that of an exquisite grace of deportment, and a winning sensibility of expression.

At Lady ——'s ball, Adelaide was first introduced by her brother to his friend and chum, Gerald, a young lawyer, and, as their eyes met, and their hands clapsed, each felt their hearts throb with responsive love; it was a case of infatuation at first sight, Gerald being so struck with the endearing ways of Adelaide, that he called on the ——'s almost every day on some excuse or the other, and Alfred, seeing a probability of something more than friendship springing up between his sister and his dear friend, encouraged Gerald's visits, and gave him every opportunity of meeting and being left alone with Adelaide.

Oh! foolish, short-sighted Alfred, you trusted your friend, not wisely, but too well, as this story will subsequently show.

Adelaide's aunt, Mrs. ——, having invited her to spend a month or so with her in London, arrangements were ultimately made for her first visit to the New Babylon.

Gerald, when informed of her intended journey, intimated that he was also going to town, and solicited

and obtained Adelaide's consent to accompany her to her aunt's house.

During the journey up, Gerald, employing all his powers of fascination, persuaded Adelaide to accompany him to his chambers, and have dinner, before proceeding to her aunt's; and Adelaide, by consenting, sealed her doom for this world at least.

The old, old story followed; once alone with the door securely locked, the combined powers of force, persuasion and vows of marriage beat down the guards of virtue of a confiding unsophisticated girl, and Adelaide was undone, mark ye, by the deliberate design of an accomplished villain.

Having once fallen, the rest easily followed; fear kept her from her friends, and hope held her to her betrayer, and they cohabited together as man and wife, until Adelaide's condition alarmed her, and she besought Gerald to fulfil his promise of marriage, but alas! for her, poor girl, her entreaties only met with the mocking response that as a "mistress" she was, so a "mistress" she would have to continue.

At this cruel announcement the last gleam of hope vanished, contending emotions upset her reason, and that night she fled, temporarily deranged.

What a prospect was now before a tenderly nurtured girl, brought up in luxury and comfort; no home, no money, and no friends; her thoughts drove her to distraction, and her gentle spirits at last giving way, she fell insensible on the pavement as one dead. The shock hastened her confinement, and she gave birth to a male child, still born.

She was conveyed to a hospital, where she remained for some time, hovering between life and death.

However, youth prevailed, and on her recovery she was once more in the streets, homeless, not knowing where to go, or what to do to earn a living. She was ashamed to go back to her father, acknowledge her sin, and ask for forgiveness, and so she wandered through the streets, more dead than alive.

It was not long, however, before her good looks and ladylike appearance attracted the notice of a gentleman, who spoke to her, and on hearing from her lips her story, and he offered to keep her.

Shame or starvation stared her in the face. She chose the former. From being belle of fetes, &c., poor Adelaide was now a kept woman.

She lived with her protector for a long time, until he found a fresh face, and then she was turned out of doors, and another installed in favour.

Once more in the streets she became associated with bad characters, and on their recommendation she entered a house in Pimlico, where the proprietress clothed and sent out women to fascinate and bring home gentlemen, taking care though to secure the greater part, if not all, the money they received.

It was at this house she was known by the name of Floriline Jack, on account of the beauty and whiteness of her teeth.

One night, however, she took home a man who was no other than a thief, for he stole all the available property in the house. This was the cause of Adelaide being turned once more into the streets as an associate and accomplice of thieves.

She fell lower and lower. She had no home, and seldom slept in a bed.

She became diseased and loathsome to herself and others.

She was more often drunk than sober, if she had the means, or could get anyone to treat her, and, as a last resource to earn a living, took to picking pockets, and has been more than once convicted for that offence.

She is at present plying her trade at Islington, a mere wreck of a once beautiful woman.

This is a true history of a fallen country woman, who was some years back a young lady in the true sense of the word.

Bred in easy circumstances in a country town, her vivacity and charming simplicity attracted to her side many admirers, but vanity in her mind obtaining a preponderance over sense, a romantic imagination led her to neglect honest worth and sterling merit for a polished exterior and an oily eloquence which lured her on to irrevocable ruin.

I wonder if Gerald will read these lines? Possibly he may, but with what emotion we cannot pretend to determine; but if he can peruse them with undimmed eyes, and without a pang piercing his soul, he is indeed a "great" man, and a very fit member of what the Lord Chief Justice was pleased to term an "honourable profession."

POVERTY BAY

[CLAPHAM JUNCTION.]

It's not far from Balham, where this district lies,
As over the hill from the "Junction" you rise.
So list, reader, whilst an account I convey
Of some of the beauties of POVERTY BAY.

It is not of the beauties I mean to disclose,
Who are fair, but yet frail; for surely to those
Of that phase of "Life" in "London" called "gay,"
It's too far to travel to POVERTY BAY.

It's more the resort of the broken-down swell,
Who, vulgarly speaking's quite gone to ⟶,
Whose affairs have arrived at such frightful decay,
He's glad to take refuge in POVERTY BAY.

The first is a Captain, a terrible swell,
With toothpick and crutch, and an air of Pall Mall.
And surely you'd think he never would stay
In such a poor district as POVERTY BAY.

But poverty into queer company takes
E'en Captains, who think themselves very great shakes,
And inclines them to view with but little dismay
The prospect of living in POVERTY BAY.

He was dapper and smart, and the pet of the corps,
But determined that he would see "Life," and therefore
Had "Shylock" resolved to make him his prey,
And drive him at last into POVERTY BAY.

His debts they augmented terribly fast.
In fact he was going quite too fast to last.
Indeed he has gone so far, far astray,
There's nothing left for him but POVERTY BAY.

'Tis here that he hopes from duns he'll be free,
Till the governor somewhat relenting shall be,
And take him at length a very long way
From the place of his "diggings" in POVERTY BAY.

Another, a government clerk, who had clear
A screw of exactly six hundred a year.
You might think that this one ne'er'd see the day,
When he would be driven to POVERTY BAY.

But he was too fond of the naughty Argyll,
And "Circe" upon him there sweetly would smile,
So long as he'd plenty of money to pay
His way, which would lead him to POVERTY BAY.

Which it very soon did, as shortly he found
That he was both high and dry landed aground.
And "Circe" then very soon drove him away,
And left him no refuge but POVERTY BAY.

These are but a specimen fair of the lot
Of those whom their follies and vices have got
Into troubles that makes them unable to pay
For lodgings elsewhere than in POVERTY BAY.

So, reader beware of the life that is fast,
Of the pace that is really too fast to last.
Eschew it, I beg, and I fervently pray
You ne'er may be driven to POVERTY BAY.

The select few who know the movements of Her Mysterious Majesty affirm, the weeping widow, whenever she wants a ride, conveys her wish, through John Brown, to *The Court Newsman*. Hence it is the Newsman "browns" to all her movements.

* * *

Lord Beaconsfield is to retire in favour of Lord Salisbury, when there is no further chance of the Imperial Earl riding rough shod over the people of England. Like all the Hebrews the Premier never gives much away, except abuse, and that he distributes with a lavish tongue, free to all who do not bow down to his "plundering and blundering" tactics.

* * *

The Lord of Misrule who reigns in Downing Street, and, for the present, throughout the Empire of Imperialism, was once convicted of a gross libel on one Austin, the barrister. When making an apology for the offence in the Court of Queen's Bench Dizzy said: "The privilege of circulating falsehoods with impunity is delicately described as doing your duty towards your client: which appears to be a very different process to doing your duty towards your neighbour. This may be the usage of Mr. Austin's profession, and it may be the custom of society to submit to its practice: but, for my part, it appears to be nothing better than a disgusting and intolerable tyranny, and I for one shall not bow to it in silence."

* * *

The complaint of Benjamin Disraeli when smarting under the well administered chastisement of the law is the "intolerable tyranny" to which Lord Beaconsfield expects the British public tamely to submit. It is "the privilege of the Tory party to circulate falsehoods wholesale," and the "gentlemen by birth and education," who hold in contempt what they are pleased to consider the swinish multitude, have no compunction either in circulating or telling the most disgusting fibs to serve the purposes of party. Witness the barefaced impudence of the enemies of freedom and good government when they talk of "peace with honour," while perpetrating nothing but war and plunder; patronize discord and rapine; spending the public money with a prodigality as unbounded as their own unblushing falsehoods; and assert exclusive claims to a "spirited foreign policy."

The spirited foreign policy is marked in the case of Yakoob Khan, who for selling his country is pensioned on the population of starving India. The Zulu King is not to be conquered in the same way. He is a savage, so is Hicks Beach, only Beach is savage at Cetawayo's succession causing an outlay of ten millions of money, and thousands of lives sacrificed in waste.

* * *

The Right Hon. W. H. Smith is said to be passionately fond of Turkish edifices, and would like to introduce Kiosks into London. In a fit of that generosity for which he and his firm are noted, he placed some seats on the Thames Embankment for the use of the public. This was the prelude to a contemplated offer to erect Kiosks for the sale of newspapers by W. H. Smith & Son only. Evidently the First Lord of the Admiralty has found his sea legs after his voyage to Cyprus, and is a far-seeing man, far enough to secure for himself wealth and repute, and it is just possible he would prevent newsboys even getting a living if he could spread his monopoly of eligible sites.

* * *

The "Acrobatic Government" have got their Scientific Front—tier in Afghanistan. The British Public, who sat in the back seats to witness the performance, had to pay for seeing nothing of it. The Tories always look out for the best seats. Last election they did plenty of tumbling to the Beer and Bible interest. They are now going in for Coffee Public Houses. They would have temperance in all things, except their policy, which is quite intoxicating.

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